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## LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY CLIO STANLEY.

There came a market breeze, and here a white;  
A golden daylight here, and there the night;  
Flowers drop their fragrant petals round  
The hem of one glad day; a morn  
Of action, stirred by some cruel wind  
Is all that tells where that sweet day to find!

How blossoms a purple flower by passion fed,  
There lies the simple head that crowned us, wed;  
A knot of violets here from baby's grave—  
To breathe of that cruel life we could not save;  
And here a willow trails its branches green  
Across some pleasant path by human eyes unseen!

Just here, a trail of song—of happy song  
That left at midnight faded by our door;  
And there a trail of music drifts about  
To swell the chorus of the Reverend.  
From gold to doom—and still from grave to gay,  
He traces the tide of human life away.

## MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK,"  
"VIOLET," "THE WOMAN OF KINGS-  
WOOD CHAIR," &c.

### CHAPTER I.

"SHE APPEARED CLOTHED IN LIGHT."

"Where are we now?"

"Black Down, a course."

That is what you said in the same calf-  
like way at least an hour ago, after we  
had gained the top of that long, winding,  
steep, never-ending ravine. "Didn't you see  
two miles out of Hazelbrook now," you  
brayed with a grin which would have morti-  
fied and vexed that celebrated cat of Chees-  
hire; "this is Black Down." This is Black  
Down with a vengeance. Why, we have  
traversed five miles at least, wandering and  
winding under the hand of the sun, through this  
maze of dark heath, with nothing else in  
sight—absolutely nothing else.

This was said by a young man of about  
twenty years of age, dressed in a well-fitting  
walking costume which exhibited, not only  
his well-knit and well-formed, but his really  
gracefully modelled limbs.

He turned his face—a striking hand-  
some face—and his rich dark purple-  
bisped eyes to the four cardinal  
points of the compass, and beheld nothing  
but sky and heath and nothing but sky and  
heath.

A tumultuous assemblage of dark red, blue  
black, gray masses of cloud clambering  
riotously and boisterously over a quickly dis-  
minishing expanse of pale green and golden  
heath, and beneath an arched plain  
covered with dark-leaved and magenta-  
bellied erica, but too often sold to the con-  
fiding public, with gaudy for choice plants,  
as rare Cuphe heaths.

There was not a sign-post, a tree, or even  
a clump of shrubs to serve as an indicator  
to the place to which they were anxious to  
direct their steps. There were multitudes of  
tracks, it is true, but they were all alike and  
ran between interstices in the black heath,  
very much after the fashion of the lines on a  
railway map of the United Kingdom, dart-  
ing, shooting, stretching in every imaginable  
or possible direction, leading everywhere—  
anywhere—"out of the world."

After vainly attempting to fix for himself  
a direction to follow, the young gentleman  
turned his bright, expressive, and now not  
very gentle eyes upon his guide, and said, in a  
tone that had not the promise of a glass of  
ale lurking anywhere near it—

"Where, in the name of the will-o'-the-  
wisp, does Hazelbrook lie?"

The rustic, who had a face as round as a  
skittle-ball, and a complexion of the same  
hue as when that pretty little toy first leaves  
the hand of the turner, a pair of round eyes,  
of the color of milk, when it has rather  
more than its legitimate share of "Him-  
pion;" a nose of the quaint form of that  
"leathern bottle," about which our mem-  
bers sang, and from which they drank so  
often and so much; and a mouth which,  
without an affection of straggles, could  
have belted a fair-sized turnip as a disciple  
of Hahnemann cravens a homoeopathic pill,  
turned the light of his countenance full upon  
his employer.

It displayed about the same animation and  
intelligence as that of a "heathen Chinese"  
under the influence of his "peculiar drink,"  
and the "fool stunted and cried up!"

The young gentleman knitted his brows,  
and in measured, emphatic tones ex-  
claimed—

"Point out—in what direction—Hazel-  
brook—lies. You understand that, I sup-  
pose?"

The bumpkin, without any con-  
science, his cloud of straggling, uncombed locks,  
of the hue of dusty white-down, and with  
unaffected candor, replied—

"A dunno!"

"Why, you villain without conscience,"  
cried the gentleman, angrily, "did you not  
undertake to guide me thither?"

"A did," cried the clown, with frank  
unreserve.

"Then, why the—the—dickens don't you  
do it?" roared his employer.

"A can't now," returned the peasant  
rascal, taking both hands to exercise his  
scowl, and gazing ruefully about him.

"But a my fault neither."

"You do not mean in the most flimsy way  
to indicate the fault is mine, I hope," ex-  
claimed the young traveller, widely extend-  
ing his eyes.

"But a do though," responded the jokin-  
g, with a sunny grin. "You babbed about a  
picking they'd plants, an' then of a sudden  
storm-clouds come oop, an' shut out sun, an'

a mixed path. Tain't easy to keep it in  
broad day. Precious easy to lose it in twi-  
light, when every track be like to other, espe-  
cially if one be aught hup. Thought I  
should a struck it again afore this, but a  
bain't. Dunno where we be now."

As the last word left his lips, a sharp flash  
of lightning, with startling suddenness, cast  
a blue glare over the dark heath, and made  
both the wayfarers utter an exclamation.

The young gentleman again surveyed the  
prospect with an eager scrutiny; but  
stretched around him in every direction lay  
two or three miles of heath, exactly similar  
in all respects, while the heavens were  
black and angrier than ever, and the dark-  
ness was rapidly increasing.

"This is an agreeable situation," he mut-  
tered, a little soliloquiously, "and promises to  
be truly felicitous. Why, hang it, boy," he  
cried, addressing the rustic sharply, "if we  
had kept straight on, we ought to have come  
to a village or town by this time."

"That be it," rejoined the bumpkin, in a  
tone that indicated it would be followed by a  
howl. "We bain't gone straight for'ard. We  
been a double back'ards an' for'ards  
through 't gorse, like hounds of scent."

"Hounds of the scent!" repeated the  
young gentleman, angrily. "You are one  
at all events. I cannot divine how you  
managed it, with so much noise to spare."

It was clear, however, that some course  
must be decided on, and that promptly, too,  
for the thickening of the haze, rapidly  
sweeping banks of cloud, not only darkened  
seriously the space around, but a rolling  
mist seemed to be advancing in the direction  
of the wind, and menaced to completely  
shut out all possibility of recovering the  
track again before the following morning.

Flashes of lightning began to follow each  
other in rapid succession, and a low, ominous  
booming in the distance told that the thun-  
derstorm had burst, and that not far  
away.

"A don't loik thunder an' lightning,"  
suddenly bleated the rustic, with clattering  
teeth, as a blinding, lurid sheet of flame  
played vividly about them, and almost ap-  
peared to scorch them with its hot breath,  
while it left the heath very much darker than  
before.

"I never met with one who was likely to  
be so deliciously fascinated with it in such a  
spot, and at such a time as this," rejoined  
his employer, with a bitter laugh, as he  
looked wistfully upwards.

Heavy rain-drops began to fall, and a low,  
hoarse sound, like the growling of a distant  
hurricane, rose up to their ears.

"I should not take the difficulty so much  
to heart," he pursued, reflectively, "if there  
were a place of refuge to make for; but to be  
exposed on this lofty ridge, without a tree  
or cover of any kind, is like tempting Provi-  
dence. Do you not know any place about  
here where we could obtain something like a  
temporary shelter from the fury of the storm,  
for it will be tremendous, I can perceive?"

"There be Jarrett's 'ood," returned the  
country lout, with a smug grin.

"Where?" cried the gentleman, eagerly,  
for the rain was now falling fast, and the  
mist was slowly and surely shutting out the  
distance all round.

"A dunno—a dunno!" wailed the cab,  
scratching his poll violently, for his mind was  
violently muddled.

"Think a did, too! Better say you ain't  
heard of Mark Jarrett's Daisy neither!"

"I have never heard of his 'wae, modest,  
crimson-tipped flower!"

"A lives w' old Mark Jarrett. She be an—  
O Lord a mussy on us!"

A tremendous sheet of lightning, followed  
by a spluttering crash of thunder, arrested  
his speech, and terrified him out of the very  
few senses he possessed. It was accompa-  
nied by a storm of rain, which absolutely  
not only deprived both of breath, but of the  
power of movement.

It was in this moment of supreme awe, if  
not of great peril, that the quick ears of the  
young traveller caught the sounds of a power-  
ful horse's feet, as at a full gallop they  
came with heavy thuds on the sand, advanc-  
ing from the crest of the hill to the spot  
where he was standing, irresolute in what  
direction to direct his steps.

He had no doubt that he would be able to  
procure some information from the coming  
horseman on which he could act, and he  
called lustily to the rustic to help him to at-  
tract his attention.

While thus engaged, he perceived a gray  
figure in the mist swiftly approaching; but  
the darkness and rolling vapor were so thick  
that he was unable to decipher any definite  
form. Still, it was evident that the horse  
was galloping over the heath, leaving all im-  
pediments, and recklessly plunging forward,  
regardless of any track, as if madly racing  
for a life.

In another moment, as it seemed, it was  
thundering upon them, dashing on to the  
very spot where they were standing. He  
had barely time to spring, with a cry of  
alarm, out of its way, than it swept grandly  
and with tremendous speed past them.

A bright blue quivering flash of lightning,  
intensely vivid, simultaneously disclosed,  
with clear and brilliant sharpness, every line,  
form, and color of the horse and its rider.

The overwhelming amazement of the  
young traveller, he beheld a young girl seated  
upon a bright bay hunter, equal to a mount  
of sixteen stone.

The young lady wore upon her head a Rus-  
sian hat; below it streamed her long  
tresses, unrestrained by a fillet or band, or  
ligature of any kind, spreading out behind  
her in the wind like a fluttering gauzy veil  
of golden brown silken filaments. Her face  
in the unearthly glare of the livid lightning  
was white as snow. Its expression, however,  
was calm, unperturbed, even elate, and  
looked superlatively beautiful. She was  
attired in a flowing habit of some light tex-  
ture, and sat her horse as freely, as steadily,  
as gracefully as if enjoying a pleasant can-  
ter on a sunny day over a breezy down.

Momentarily her countenance changed,  
for the same flash of lightning which had so  
suddenly disclosed her charming face to the  
young traveller betrayed—or rather exhib-  
ited—his to her. She extended her arms, and  
her lips parted slightly with amazement, as  
if she had unexpectedly beheld a spectre,  
and a moment more the livid light vanished  
and shut out each from the other in impen-  
etrable darkness.

But though the wondrous apparition had  
disappeared from the young gentleman's  
straining eyes, the beat of the horse's feet,  
yet remained plainly audible, and they woke  
up to rapid animation the hitherto paralyzed,  
convulsed, almost pulverized lout, who,  
tossing his hands wildly in the air, screeched  
out, with husky rapture—

"There goes Mark Jarrett's Daisy!"

With a mad bound, like a lost lurcher who  
had suddenly discovered the trail of his  
master, he dashed off in pursuit of the fair  
equestrian, leaving the young traveller alone  
on the heath, perfectly mute and motionless  
with amazement.

nothing Wilfred. He was not what is termed  
"the last of his race," but he was the only  
son of the head of a very ancient family.

His father, Alvanley Rokely, had entered  
life a young, bright man, of great promise.  
He was an excellent scholar, having taken  
high honors at his university, and was dis-  
tinguished in all field sports, being a crack  
shot, a daring rider after hounds, a skilful  
cricketeer, and a first-rate oarsman. He was  
considered to be the handsomest man in his  
circle, and a very brilliant career was pre-  
dicted for him.

While fortune was lavishing upon him ca-  
resses and smiles, he fell passionately in  
love with a young and beautiful girl, who  
not only reciprocated his love, but idolized  
him.

The night before their intended marriage,  
her father's country mansion, in which she  
was staying, took fire. The wing in which  
she was sleeping was already enveloped in  
flames, when she was aroused from a happy  
dream, and in her frantic terror she fled up-  
stairs, and, in a low, firm tone, she  
called to her maid, and, as she caught his  
eye settling on her own, she brushed away  
the tell-tale tear, and smiling, added, "You  
had the soul of a gentleman, and you will  
not beat me, I know."

Then she pushed her smart pet out of the  
door, and led the way at a horse pace out of  
the wood.

Two persons less likely to unite them-  
selves together in the lawful bonds of wed-  
lock than Alvanley Rokely and Blanche  
Vaux it was difficult to conceive. He was  
still so cold, stern, reserved, and averse from  
the pleasures of life, although he had again  
mixed himself up in them; and she still con-  
tinued the heroine of the field, the glittering  
star of all the most brilliant assemblies in  
and out of London, and, as a consequence,  
the object of the admiration and the envy of  
the aristocracy of the peer and star regulations  
of the world in which she moved.

The motive, however, which induced him  
to propose to her and her to accept him was  
a secret which both preserved with remark-  
able closeness and unanimity.

A general storm of howling derision arose  
among her suitors, and the young eligible  
maiden who were pining for an offer, at  
what they termed this ill-sorted match after  
it was announced, but no one ventured to  
speak for an explanation of the anomaly from  
either of the persons most deeply interested  
in the connection.

The marriage was celebrated with unusual  
splendor, and the happy pair proceeded to  
the Continent. On their return to England,  
Alvanley Rokely, who took all the hearts  
of the young rich men by storm. She had a  
strikingly handsome face, a lithic, graceful  
form, and her attractions of person and  
manner were declared to be irresistible.

She was the best and most daring eque-  
strian in the country. No meet was complete  
without her, and "on fences" and "ball  
fence," however formidable, never compelled  
her to swerve from her course and seek an  
easier route. She had fairly won several  
times the brush; and to use the expression  
of Jack Hobyak, the first whipper-in of the  
Chute hounds, "she was the cream of a  
fox-hunter."

She was also the possessor of womanly ac-  
complishments, and was the belle of the  
assemblies and circles in which she moved.  
She was well educated and a wealthy hei-  
ress; therefore, among her swarm of suitors,  
she numbered not a few of the most de-  
sirable catches in a dozen counties as well  
as her own.

While thus elevated to the position of the  
adored of all admirers and suitors, while  
society was reeking its brain and straining its  
eyes to see to whom she would "lose her  
handkerchief," while suitors were pouring  
upon her glances of passionate love, and  
swooning and gushing their teeth at each  
other, Alvanley Rokely reappeared.

He was paler, sterner, than in the old  
bright days, and his face bore the traces of  
a long, embittered seclusion, but still he was  
a handsome, noble-looking gentleman, and at-  
tracted the most flattering attention wherever  
he presented himself.

His first recurred an introduction to Miss  
Blanche Vaux at a hunt, and kept by her  
side over the ugliest country the Chute  
hounds had ever hunted. He appeared at  
balls, and entertainments, and grand festi-  
vals, when she was present, but seemed to  
pay her but little court.

with a direct, steadfast look. A sharp flash  
of lightning, as the heart of a man, for a mo-  
ment suffused her cheek and brow. Then  
she stretched forth her small, white, un-  
gloved hand and clasped his.

"There is mine—it is yours for life!" she  
exclaimed, in a low, firm tone.

He pressed her hand with a sudden warmth;  
his upper lip trembled, but he did not say a  
word.

A bright tear sprang into her eye.

"You will have to bear with me a little,  
Al," she exclaimed, with a touch of tender-  
ness in her tone. Then, as she caught his  
eye settling on her own, she brushed away  
the tell-tale tear, and smiling, added, "You  
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A general storm of howling derision arose  
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She was the best and most daring eque-  
strian in the country. No meet was complete  
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fence," however formidable, never compelled  
her to swerve from her course and seek an  
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times the brush; and to use the expression  
of Jack Hobyak, the first whipper-in of the  
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bright days, and his face bore the traces of  
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a handsome, noble-looking gentleman, and at-  
tracted the most flattering attention wherever  
he presented himself.

His first recurred an introduction to Miss  
Blanche Vaux at a hunt, and kept by her  
side over the ugliest country the Chute  
hounds had ever hunted. He appeared at  
balls, and entertainments, and grand festi-  
vals, when she was present, but seemed to  
pay her but little court.

Yet one day, when returning homeward  
together upon their wearied steeds, at the  
close of a singularly "brilliant run" after a  
fox, they were accidentally brought together  
again in a fit wood.

Cast his glance about him to see that  
he was not observed, Alvanley commenced a  
low and earnest conversation with his beau-  
tiful young companion. Before they gained  
the end of the bridge-path through the plan-  
tation, he extended his hand to her, and  
said, quietly—

lost on Black Down while the storm con-  
tinued—he left, as we have said, with  
Rokely standing mute and motionless, with  
that wondrously handsome girl's face still  
gleaming like an angel's own in an electric  
light in his vision; and it was not until  
other flash of lightning, followed by a fearful  
crash of thunder, startled him to conscious-  
ness, that he attempted to follow the same  
route the rustic had taken in pursuit of  
"Jarrett's Daisy."

Away he went at his best speed, but in  
the darkness, for if there was one thing  
more than another upon which he had re-  
solved, it was that he would gratify his eyes  
with another look at "Jarrett's Daisy."

"What a divine idea!" he muttered, as he  
resembled and crept on. "It seemed to  
lift my heart with a kind of delicious ex-  
citement up to my throat. And the eyes and  
teeth so familiar to me, too. Where can I  
have seen her? Have I ever seen her be-  
fore—in my dreams? Hark! However, I  
will see her to-night."

He picked his way into a hollow, partly  
filled with water, and then his solitary way  
brought to an abrupt termination.

Until now he had heard the notes of the  
country lout, crying, "Jarrett's Daisy!"  
in order to attract the notice of the fly-  
catcher; but when he had descended out of  
the pit and resumed his race, the voice had  
ceased, and he was left to hurry on, in si-  
lence and alone, he could not tell whether.

Still he kept bravely on, and the light-  
ning rewarded him with the sight of a wood  
stretching away on his right hand.

"Jarrett's Daisy, by Jove!" he ejaculated,  
triumphantly, and went at it at the double.

But the storm had cleared away before he  
had found for himself a way through the  
black mass of towering trees; and when he  
arrived at a five-barred gate, and had leaped  
it, he found himself on a turgid road, run-  
ning, as well as he could tell by the position  
of the moon, which was now visible, nearly  
due west.

Taking a westerly course, he pursued his  
windings, at times beneath overhanging trees,  
which completely shut out all light, and com-  
pelled him almost to grope his way, and con-  
tinually through cuttings deep enough to  
indicate a long tunnel not far above the  
ground; he reached three cross roads, the com-  
mon perplexity of which some unusually  
thoughtful parish authority had ruined by  
erecting a finger-post with three arms.

The moon's bright rays enabled him to see  
that one directed him to Crediton, whence  
he had come; the second to Froghfield, of  
which interesting and possibly thriving place  
he had never heard; and the third pointed  
out the way to Hazelbrook, to which he was  
bound, for about a mile and a half from his  
rustic suburbs was situated Fairbairn Pri-  
ory, a pretty estate belonging to his father,  
and of which his mother was fond, because  
there was much good hunting in the neigh-  
borhood.

There was not a word, however, on the di-  
rection post which pointed him to Hazel-  
brook; but he was not a man to be deterred  
by that. He gave him, or offered, an inkling in which  
direction they lay. Therefore, to set out at  
such a time, and under such circumstances,  
in the hope of discovering the one where  
Jarrett's Daisy was blooming, would be a  
wild-goose chase, which he had too much  
common sense to attempt.

Nevertheless, he delivered himself of some  
very strong objections, addressed to that  
flag-ladder, and then, who knows so well as  
himself, and so inconsiderately let him in  
the lurch. There was, however, no help for  
it; so, with a sigh of irritation, and an ex-  
pletive, which did not furnish an unequalled  
proof that he was a scrupulous member of  
the Young Men's Christian Association, he  
took the road to Hazelbrook.

Down a steep hill, through a rutty, miry  
lane, and out into an open common, at which  
point—the moon having disappeared behind a  
cloud—the heavens opened, the rain came  
down in sheets, and soaked him to the skin.  
In the distance, however, shrouded Hazel-  
brook; and by the roadside stood the sign of  
the principal inn, the Swan—that worshipped  
idol of provincial innkeepers. Here he ob-  
tained a "fly," and was borne on its wings  
—that is, its wheels—to Fairbairn Priory.

A charming suite of apartments awaited  
him. All that comfort and luxury could  
suggest attended him; and he flung himself  
into a downy bed, intending to throw off  
his fatigues before morning, by a long, sound,  
refreshing sleep.

But Jarrett's Daisy stopped the way.  
Her strange, weird, fascinating face  
haunted him; and presented itself to him  
the moment he closed his eyes as pale  
green spots float on the vision of individuals  
who have been indulging themselves by star-  
gazing at the sun with the naked eye.

No he lay, and tossed, and tumbled, and  
fretted, and vexed himself by wondering  
who and what she was, by speculating in the  
most absurd and chimerical fashion concern-  
ing her, and by mixing her up with his fair  
cousin, Gabrielle Luttrell.

With something like a gasp of fright, he  
now remembered that he was betrothed to  
that young lady.

Then went there on more mixing Jarrett's  
Daisy and Gabrielle, and Gabrielle and the  
Daisy, until nature became exhausted, when  
the dawn came, and she slept.

Slept, to mentally occupy himself, armed  
with a riding whip—at times with a pitch-  
fork—in pursuing his rustic guide, who had  
adopted the form of a huge brown locust,  
and was leading him over brake and mire,  
buzzing and grinning, and extorting bad  
language from him, in a most provoking  
way.

It was late before he appeared to break-  
fast, which had been prepared for him in a  
pretty primrose-tinted room overlooking the  
garden grounds.

He found there his Cousin Gabrielle await-  
ing him; and curiously to him her pre-  
sence seemed to send a strange sickening,  
numbing cold thrill through every fibre of  
his frame, which for an instant confused  
and disturbed him. He, however, rapidly  
recovered himself; and for the first time,



California has appointed a "State tree planter," whose business it is to be to plant trees wherever the growth of timber is feasible in the State.



## SONNET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Perhaps through life you'll not be always so—  
That love, which you would seem to scorn to show,  
At times with joy as great as Heaven can know.  
As there is very little left to fight;  
At the night of sorrow bright and strong,  
Or some of those sweet strains of waltz or song  
Made precious by a love which may be true,  
Two eyes in your path, with clouds that meet,  
The air and the sun, and the moon, and the light;  
My soul springs up with you, and I am true.

RUPERT.

## THE SWAMP OUTLAWS;

OR,

## A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE RETREAT INVADERS.

Day had not long broken ere the escape of Pete was discovered. The opening made by his exit from the corner of the roof was observed by one of the outlaws, and the door instantly opened only to discover that the bird had flown.

The commotion caused by this discovery had been heard by the escaped prisoner in his lair, which had caused his hasty flight through brake and briar.

A rapid consultation was held by the band of outlaws as to what had best be done in view of this unexpected occurrence. Most of them could see no possible danger in the event, as the boy had appeared too stupid to take any perilous observations. He had been brought there in the night, without the chance of observing localities. He had escaped in the night, and had probably made such haste from the spot, that by daylight he would be quite unable to retrace his steps. Their pursuers knew already that they had some hiding place, so that the boy's report would not add to their information.

"All that is done," said Jim Budd, who had listened silently to their remarks, "but if you take that boy for a fool, it's a mighty lot you're on. Look here! Fools ain't smart enough to out such holes as that with a pen-knife. He's just been playing possum, and he's got his back to the wall, our good old boys. He can't be far away, and there's only three or four paths out of this. So let's chase him down."

The wisdom of this advice was too evident not to be at once acted upon, and in a few minutes four of the outlaws, on horseback, rode through the belt of trees, and were in full pursuit by the various routes, quite overlooking in their haste the slight disorder in the spot where the boy had slept.

Middleton, who had slept somewhat later than the rest, now made his appearance, inquiring the cause of the alarm. On hearing of his escape, he was much more than that of the members of the gang. He had a much higher opinion of the shrewdness of Pete than they had gained.

"Have you any other good hiding-places?" he inquired.

"Yes, some that's not bad."

"Good or bad, we'll have to leave here if the boy escapes. And we will need to start soon, before the hunt is commenced again."

"Don't you think they've got it up by this time?"

"No. They are too determined for that."

"See here, Mr. Middleton," said Jim Budd. "We've kept our bargain with you, haven't we?"

"Well, then, you'd best get the gal out of this party soon. What's her name, fool? Just let us handle our dough. Make the gal marry you, or she won't do it kindly, and get her out of this. We ain't a-going to be chased this way."

"But how is the matter to be hurried? I am anxious enough to have it settled."

"Make her say yes, and I'll bring her a preacher."

"Can you?"

"Hain't I said so? You kin darn soon split it if yer ready."

Middleton walked away lost in thought. At this moment Nellie emerged from the open door of her prison, unable longer to endure the stifling air within. She had not taken many steps before Middleton joined her, and she was a triumphant expression on her face, which pleased him. The truth was she had heard the morning discussion, which had been carried on in rather loud tones, and knew that her follower had escaped. Knowing, as she did, the shrewdness and agility, she was confident he would not be recaptured.

Mindful of his advice of the day before, she met her companion's advances with a good humor that surprised him. Taking advantage of her cordiality, he returned to the subject of his suit, presenting it with an energy that made her speedily regret her compliance.

Her change of tone had added to his importance. When at length she plainly declared that she was troubling her with an unpleasant subject to which she had already given a final answer, he rapidly changed from entreaties to threats, hinting, in language not to be misunderstood, that force should succeed persuasion unless she immediately gave him a favorable answer.

"One might well suppose," John Middleton, she indignantly replied, "that you would take the trouble to consult my inclinations in any matter, judging from your past behavior. You have torn me violently from my home, incarcerated me in the den of a gang of outlaws, and now you ask me to marry you?"

"That you might promise me with a snarl, I am not so sure. And then you hypocritically assume a deference to my inclinations. You had far better proceed in the tone you have just assumed, and not supplant your past outcries with hypocrisy. Where are the proofs of this love you dare assail my ear with? Restore me to my home, address me with the humble entreaties which a true gentleman uses in declaring his affection, and I will be true."

"And he treated with scorn and contempt, as I have already been. You appear to forget that I have tried to make me. Miss you shall be, and I now vow you in the fashion of a different age from this. Girl, there is no life in my declaration of love. My violence is but the result of a despised affection."

"And there is no falsehood in my declaration of love. I loathe, despise you more than I do the worm which I eat with a shudder from my hand. Death itself would be a pang of torment preferable to the moment of this detestable union you would force upon me."

"My wife you shall be, willing or not. It is just the time for half measures. I must have your final answer to-day. To-morrow I will not wait for an answer. I will use more decisive means of overcoming your refusal."

"Take my answer now," she cried, turning from him with an abhorrence too deep for words marked in every line of her features. "Before consenting to your base demand, I would give my hand in marriage to the meanest of this wretched crew, your worthy companions; for, on my knees, I beg of you to accept me, as a happy fate compared with the unendurable misery of being linked to a monster like you."

The band and some answer that rushed to his lips was suddenly interrupted.

The half-dozen of the Budds remaining, hearing a sound in the direction of the entrance path, had gone in that direction, according to meet some of their returning scouts.

When within twenty feet of the spot, the foremost of them stopped, suspicious of something wrong.

Instantly, from the covert of the leaves, issued several flashes of light, followed by the keen report of a volley of my shots. Two of the outlaws were stretched on the ground, one dead, one badly wounded, while, with a shout of exultation, the band of outlaws, headed by Howard and Solomon, broke into the enclosure. Pete, with a wild yell, proceeding them.

The outlaws, frightened at this sudden attack, waited not to use their weapons in reply, but turned and ran at full speed across the enclosure.

Middleton, who had stood half stupefied by this surprise, was roused to a sense of his danger by their rapid flight. The citizens, convinced that they guarded the only entrance to the enclosure, halted to reload, following the flying outlaws with scornful shouts.

One of the men, a vigorous, burly fellow, stopped behind him, exclaiming, with a fierce oath: "If they want this gal, let them catch her!"

Lifting Nellie in his muscular arms as though she were a feather, he contacted his flight, unimpeded by his burden. Middleton followed with a rapid step.

The exultation of their pursuers was quickly changed to dismay as they saw the foremost fugitive dash against and disappear in the thicket, rapidly followed by the others.

"My God!" cried Howard, leaping forward with the spring of a panther, "they have another path!"

All followed with equal rapidity. Pete, who had skirted the wood on his entrance, followed Middleton through the passage almost within reach.

On leaving the winding pathway, whose outer screen of bushes had been broken down in the flight, Howard found himself directly on the banks of the creek, which was here but a few feet wide. The fugitives were already disappearing in the dense bushes, with the exception of one, who had just climbed to the bank.

Howard's rifle leaped to his shoulder, an instant his eye glanced along the sights, the next sharp report was mingled with a yell from the riflemen, who fell headlong from the bank, and disappeared in the water.

Pete, who had hurried himself into the water and rapidly swam across the stream, at the same moment emerged upon the bank and disappeared in the wake of the fugitives.

Without a moment's hesitation, Howard, his blood now kindled with the frenzy of passion, leaped into the water. Its deepest part reached only to his waist, and in a minute he was on the opposite bank. The others immediately followed. Solomon unfortunately lost his rifle in the muddy bottom of the stream. He had no time to search in it, with the enemy in full flight before him, but trusted to chance to procure him another.

The next instant the thick bushes opposite swallowed up pursuers and pursued.

But the fugitives were already lost to sight in the close thicket. More accurately than their pursuers to the treacherous soil of the swamp, and acquainted with every avenue, they made rapid progress where the others labored onward with difficulty, oppressed with the yielding soil and the dense vines.

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nicks, who glared on each other with eyes in which surprise quickly yielded to passion.

The outlaw saw at a glance that his enemy was unarmed, and a look of savage exultation crossed his face, as he exclaimed: "It's my turn now."

He leveled his rifle with the quick, assured motion of an old hunter, but his wary antagonist, without a word, sprang fiercely upon him, thrusting aside the muzzle of the weapon and closing with him on the instant.

A desperate struggle ensued. In the strife for the possession of the weapon it was discharged and hurled to the ground. Arm linked in arm, the two warriors now strove with all their strength to force each other back, each keenly on the watch for some opportunity to strike the other.

Breathing hard, and glared like tigers into each other's eyes, the wreath of life or death continued, minute after minute passing without an advantage to either party.

Budd bore a knife in his belt, but the force of his own blows gave him no chance to draw it. The wet ground yielded in their struggles till the cooling water rose above their ankles. This slippery foothold rendered their positions more difficult to maintain, and at length, Solomon's right foot slipped.

He turned his head over his shoulder, and instant advantage of this, flung his whole weight upon him. In an instant the two were prostrate on the ground, the outlaw on the top.

At the same instant, unheeded by either antagonist, the key of a house opened in the distance. The bloodhound had struck a new sound.

The wreath was resumed on the ground with all its former vigor, Solomon desperately striving to turn his antagonist. But the yielding ground on which he lay gave no hope of his succeeding in his endeavor.

Budd, on the contrary, exerted himself powerfully to retain his advantage, and, releasing one hand, he grasped his foe by the forehead, and sought with all his strength to press his head into the other's.

Solomon struggled with the desperation of one who knew that life depended on his muscles, but the morose yielded inch by inch to his weight and that of his antagonist, and he felt the water gradually rising till it reached his ears.

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"No luck yet, Mr. Howard, and all of us about fagged out," said one of them. "I'm afraid they've thrown us off the scent."

Howard rested himself beside them without a word of answer, his face buried in his hands.

"Don't take it so to heart," continued the speaker. "We're not thrown out yet, by jingo! We know they're somewhere within half a mile of this spot, and we'll bring the whole force here and cut it down, tree by tree, but what we find them."

"I wonder what's become of the little devil of a nigger that led us this morning," said another.

"I saw him full chase after them, and not far behind."

"Talk about de debil, and he appears," cried a shrill, young voice, and Pete leaped into the circle with a suddenness that made them all start to their feet.

He was an almost unrecognizable spectacle, covered with mud from head to foot, and his eyes sparkling with an expression that made them crowd round him in eager curiosity.

"There's not a minute to lose," he said. "I've got to make a dash, and you've only got to cut down wings. After me, Mass Howard!"

The boy darted forward as if over solid ground, the others following with renewed energy.

He pursued a route a little to the left of that they had followed, and rather more passively, as the boy had been examining.

After proceeding some two hundred yards he stopped in front of a thicket, like, in every respect those they had been examining.

"Dis am de spot. See here!"

Stopping at a point of the thicket that seemed an impenetrable mass of tangled vines, he put aside with his hands the bushes near the ground, and bending under the thick stem of a grape vine that swung about three feet high he passed into an opening beyond.

All immediately followed and found themselves in a narrow avenue cut through the thicket.

Pete led the way through the path, which was so as to be about ten feet long, its inner extremity opening at an acute angle into a wide cleared space within.

They were now in the open space through the screen of leaves, and Howard, with an exultation that almost burst in a cry of joy from his lips, beheld Nellie leaning in a weary attitude against the trunk of an oak, while a few paces distant stood his enemy, apparently unconscious of their presence.

The single outlaw who still accompanied them, lay stretched on the grass near the entrance.

"There's no other way of getting out," whispered Pete. "One on you stay here and keep the watch. To the other, cut the fellow down!"

"Yes, Mass Howard," cried the boy, who for Simon, whose other name was John.

They instantly obeyed, without questioning the boy's suggestion. Two of the men leaped on the prostrate villain, and were in a moment engaged in a fierce struggle with him. The third remained on guard, while Howard, with the speed of an athlete, placed himself beside his brother, who with a cry of surprise, and of irrepressible joy leaped into his arms, clasping him with a passionate emotion that for the moment left him at the mercy of his enemy.

A vindictive look on the face of Middleton showed that he would not hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity, and to slay him while thus fettered in the arms of love.

Gently but firmly he forced his arms, and flung his foe, clutching his leveled rifle as if eager to send a bullet through the villain's treacherous brain.

"Why should I not kill you as you stand, dog of iniquity?" he himself through his clenched teeth.

"Because you can play at that game," replied Middleton, coolly.

"Take a chance for your life, then. I cannot play an uninteresting game. I lack your



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16 " do. do. do. do. do. 24.00.  
20 " do. do. do. do. do. 30.00.

Subscribers in British North America must remit in U. S. currency, as we have to pay the U. S. postage.

The contents of *The Post* and of *The Lady's Friend* will always be entirely different.

Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks payable to our order.

Address: H. PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 2, 1872.

## BACK NUMBERS.

We have still on hand back numbers to the first of the year, containing the early chapters of "The Swamp Outlaws," &c.

## Demonstrative Affection.

There is a wide difference of opinion among intelligent and thoughtful persons, as to the value of demonstrative affection. All are agreed that love itself is priceless; that nothing can show for a cold heart, and that those who neither give nor receive affection are both to be pitied and despised. But how, when and where our love is to be exhibited, how far we are to yield to the natural promptings of the heart, and when to restrain them, whether our affections are to be shown in earnest and endearments, or to be carefully secreted within our own bosoms—these are questions on which every variety of opinion and practice exists. It is impossible on such a subject to lay down any definite rules that should bind all to a uniform mode of action. Much must depend on constitution, temperament and education; yet there are certain principles which underlie the whole subject, and which, if understood and recognized, will guide the conduct and prevent the evils which uncontrolled impulse is sure to produce.

The sacred character of a pure and fervent affection, if realized in all its delicacy, will always prevent those public displays of its outward manifestations, that are at once revolting to good taste and disrespectful to society. There is something too deep and pure in love to open it up to the gaze of the multitude, or to submit it to the smile or sneer of the vulgar. Especially is this the case with the love of husband and wife. It is a holy possession, which should be treasured so sacredly to be willing to expose it unreservedly. This suppression of the inner feelings is also due to society, which justly demands that those who take part in social pleasures should contribute their share to the general happiness. This cannot be the case when the mind is wholly taken up with one individual, and the attention due to many is neglected or even absent. Good taste and good feeling should prompt delicate and relative rather to separate when in society, and devote themselves to the pleasure of those around, reserving the special privilege of each other's company to more intimate occasions. There is some who, feeling the propriety of this, run into the other extreme, and treat each other, in society, with seeming neglect. Politeness, attention and respect are always suitable and necessary, even when the feelings are out of place.

## AN OLD MAID.

Sitting with folded hands, that have dropped the needle and thread,  
Looking on the floor, where the evening light is dim,  
On the weary couch, and from whence often the  
Sighs of love, and the sighs of the time of the  
Sighs of love, and the sighs of the time of the

Sixty years, as I think, have crept like lifeless  
Sixty years of the world, with its mingled pain and  
How has not the time since her help-days were  
The happy days of youth, and the years of the  
The years of the world, with its mingled pain and

What has she seen, with all its delicate light  
On the happy days of youth, and the years of the  
The years of the world, with its mingled pain and  
The years of the world, with its mingled pain and

Shedding the hopes of the morning, the glances of  
Those who were joyful, weeping with  
Those who were joyful, weeping with  
Those who were joyful, weeping with

In that heart, of her noble children, tired of the  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful

And many a heart that bleeds for its sin, and yet  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful

Was there ever a pitiful cry in the depths of her  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful

However it was, on her face to the look of sweet content  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful  
The heart of the love that shines in her beautiful

WHAT IT IS TO BE A WIDOW.  
It is to miss the strong arm you have  
It is to miss the strong arm you have  
It is to miss the strong arm you have  
It is to miss the strong arm you have

VENICE.  
MOONLIGHT ON THE LAGUNE.  
"Alone in a Summer's moonlight in Venice,"  
"Alone in a Summer's moonlight in Venice,"  
"Alone in a Summer's moonlight in Venice,"

There is near the Mole a sort of Beer Garden,  
There is near the Mole a sort of Beer Garden,  
There is near the Mole a sort of Beer Garden,  
There is near the Mole a sort of Beer Garden,

Almost at our feet the silent gondoliers were  
Almost at our feet the silent gondoliers were  
Almost at our feet the silent gondoliers were  
Almost at our feet the silent gondoliers were

We had not heard the gondoliers singing at  
We had not heard the gondoliers singing at  
We had not heard the gondoliers singing at  
We had not heard the gondoliers singing at

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,

In the old days of Venetian independence  
In the old days of Venetian independence  
In the old days of Venetian independence  
In the old days of Venetian independence

"I sing the song and the glorious night  
"I sing the song and the glorious night  
"I sing the song and the glorious night  
"I sing the song and the glorious night

After a brief pause another voice responded  
After a brief pause another voice responded  
After a brief pause another voice responded  
After a brief pause another voice responded

In Byron's time, under the yoke of the  
In Byron's time, under the yoke of the  
In Byron's time, under the yoke of the  
In Byron's time, under the yoke of the

"Can you sing, Gondolier?"  
"Can you sing, Gondolier?"  
"Can you sing, Gondolier?"  
"Can you sing, Gondolier?"

It did not require much urging to induce  
It did not require much urging to induce  
It did not require much urging to induce  
It did not require much urging to induce

Thus we floated on over the shallow lagoon,  
Thus we floated on over the shallow lagoon,  
Thus we floated on over the shallow lagoon,  
Thus we floated on over the shallow lagoon,

My soul was so enchanted here,  
My soul was so enchanted here,  
My soul was so enchanted here,  
My soul was so enchanted here,

My soul was so enchanted here,  
My soul was so enchanted here,  
My soul was so enchanted here,  
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My soul was so enchanted here,  
My soul was so enchanted here,  
My soul was so enchanted here,  
My soul was so enchanted here,

## GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

## THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST.—It is wonderful how many  
It is wonderful how many  
It is wonderful how many  
It is wonderful how many

I talked about everything last week, as far  
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science. So, to commence, I will say that I  
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have been—how everybody despised and  
I would not get out of bed that night.  
I would not get out of bed that night.  
I would not get out of bed that night.

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## A SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY GIPSY WILDER.

I.  
Don't wear your face so long, my boys,  
Don't look down over your eyes,  
You may make them a trifle of tears, my boys,  
But you'll surely come to the dawn.  
Don't drive forever among the clouds,  
Nor linger at window bars—  
Uplure your heads to the radiant dawn  
That comes from the world of stars.

II.  
Get out of the clouds, light, and the gloom,  
The dark, the vast, and the dim;  
Come into the open, broad daylight,  
And breathe the clear, fresh air;  
Nay, not from the dust of the past  
From under the dark brown leaves;  
But from the world of stars,  
Dotted with golden spheres.

III.  
Off with the packs on your shoulders, boys,  
They will surely drag you down;  
Hurry to wear your youthful brows,  
The victor's sunny crown;  
Don't think the world so bad a place,  
Because your colors faded;  
You'll find that world was all right,  
In most of what you had said.

IV.  
Don't think mending a race of knaves,  
Though you were known by one;  
A pure and honest man, in the place,  
A new thing, 'neath the sun.  
Don't look at him in commiseration—  
Because he is a knave;  
There's a loving heart somewhere for you,  
That waits your touch to wake.

V.  
Remember you'll find the human cap  
Not always filled with honey,  
But a jolly heart, and a merry soul,  
Are worth a salt of money.  
Then off with your colors, boys,  
And don't look over your nose;  
Beyond the distant of stars, my boys,  
You'll find a valley of love.

## PEMBERTON;

OR,

## One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

## PART FIRST.

## CHAPTER I.

"Oh, peaceful earth—oh, patient, green-brown earth—  
And mother of the whirlwind and the storm."

It is a morning in October, in the year 1772. Early morning, for the sun has not yet risen, though the heralds of his imperial coming are seen flashing with their crimson and purple banners the eastern sky. The earth, too, seems to respond with a regal pomp of banners. Grasses, melting at one place into a rich brown, fading in another into a living flame, and harmoniously blending everywhere with the deep green of the cedar and the hemlock, is all around us. The glory of the earth rivals that of the sunlit sky. For, as we have said, it is October; and we are in Pennsylvania, the wooded land of Penn.

Two young ladies, arrayed in riding costumes, are standing before an open window, in an upper chamber of a large stone mansion. Their room being open only to the north and the west, they have caught but faint glimpses of the glory of the sunrise; but the glory of the earth-rose from darkness into light, is spread widely before them. The coolness of the morning air, which, though a little raw to those of maturer years, comes pleasantly upon their faces, glowing with the rich, warm blood of youth, also is like wine unto their buoyant spirits. Let us listen to what they are saying.

"Do you know what first came into my mind, Helen, when that farce 'rap, rap, rap,' sounded on our door this morning?" said the younger of the two, a maiden apparently of some twenty summers.

"Yes—that the enemy were upon us. That made you spring out of bed in such a fright," said the older sister, mischievously. "Fright and the daughter of a Scottish colonel! You are joking, Bella. No, I thought we were again schoolgirls, among the ruins of Bethlehem."

"Singing a song of Stephen, Pocket full of love, Rattle of muskets, All in a row."

"Oh, but we had high old times in Bethlehem, Bel. I wish sometimes we were back again, among the simple-minded sisters."

"Well, I cannot say, Helen, that I do." "Of course not—Pemberton!"

"Nonsense, Bel—I have not seen Captain André more than a dozen or twenty times in my life. But let us take one look more, and then go down. Uncle must be waiting."

"This is a beautiful place to live, Helen—is it not? See how finely the walks are laid out, with their marble vases and statues. And what a glorious view one has to the west, over the valley of the Wissahickon! What are the Chertons now?"

"I think the Judge has been sent to Virginia; you know he is no more sound in the faith than 'Colonel' Pemberton; he cannot quite swallow the Independence declaration. He would not even give his parole to the rebels. I suppose the ladies are with him. They are brilliant girls."

"Had we not better go down now?" "Stay—one moment. Do you see that gray mist—how curiously it sweeps down upon us from the north. One might almost take it for the sweeping of a hostile army. I am afraid we shall have a dull morning after all, for our ride to town. See, how rapidly it comes—before it all light and sunshine; behind it all darkness and gloom."

"Hark! did you hear that?" cried Isabella, excitedly.

A dull report was heard, as if of a pistol, or distant musket.

"It is an attack!" cried Helen, when this was followed by a loud report, as of a field-piece, and then by the distant roll of a drum, leading to arms.

"Girls!" called a deep voice at the door of the room; and then the door was pushed open, and, seeing them attired in elderly man, in the uniform of a British colonel, entered, and joined them at the window.

"Colonel—the rebels are on us. It was almost a surprise. They have our camp. But we are holding them back."

"How many? in force?" "The whole of Washington's army, I was told to tell you."

"What one moment, girls," cried the Colonel, as he sprang around the house, in the rear of which his regiment was encamped. From the roll of the drum was heard, and the silence of an orderly encampment gave place to loud commands and the bustle of military preparation.

"I must lead the regiment at once to the support of the light infantry," said Colonel Musgrave, as he again joined his wards.

"Can you risk riding to town alone—or how would it do to ride to headquarters? That is, about a couple of miles off."

"If it were not for this mist, which has closed upon us so quickly, we could easily do either," replied Isabella.

"Why cannot we remain here?" said Helen.

"We shall be near you, uncle—and we should be wounded men to care for. We are not cowards."

"No; I know you are not. But I should feel far easier in my mind if I knew you were in safety, and not exposed to those perils which always hang around commanding armies. As to this house, if the enemy is in force, it will not be longer a place of safety. I have sent word to Henry—that the advance of the rebels must be delayed as long as possible, in order to give time for him to get in position; and this mansion makes a capital fort, if need be."

Colonel Musgrave spoke rapidly but excitedly—as if anxious to be at his post.

"Well, uncle, do not fear for us; we will mount and ride, either to town or to headquarters, as may seem best," said Isabella.

"Who shall I send with you?" "Nobody—no one protect ourselves for that distance."

"Perhaps you are right. A British uniform would be as apt to draw us to ward of a rebel bullet. And, rebels though the enemies be, they are not given to shooting at women. But come in and take a cup of coffee to brace yourselves up with."

A cup of coffee and some slices of bread were hastily swallowed, and then the young ladies mounted their horses—the Colonel at the same time springing on his horse.

"Giddy, you know how to ride?" "Very well," said Isabella—even in this mist.

"You had better, it seems to me, not try to go down the Main road. It may by this time be sprinkled with the rebel troops. I should advise you to strike over to the east, to the Lincoln road, and make your way down it. You know that, about a mile down, you can either strike in to Germantown again, at the market place, or, if you hear firing in that direction, turn to the east once more, and follow the New York road. The city, if anything looks dangerous, also in some private house—nobody will refuse protection to two lone damsels in distress. But let me know at once, after the battle, where you are."

Colonel Musgrave had spoken rapidly—for his men had already left their encampment, with the exception of one company, which seemed to await further orders, and the roar of battle swelled louder and louder in his ears. Now he passed his hand rapidly over his eyes, and said in a slower, softer tone:

"And girls, remember, if anything should happen to your old uncle, that he loved you very dearly, and, next to his king and country, would have died for you."

Touching her horse with the whip, Helen was in a moment by the Colonel's side—leading from her saddle to throw an arm around his neck, and to kiss his lips.

"Uncle, let me stay with you—to live or die with you!" exclaimed she.

"Yes, uncle—do not drive us away from each other. I shall be with you, dear and kind you have always been to us."

"You quite make a child of me, my dear girls," said the Colonel, wiping his eyes once more.

"And how foolish it all is! This is not my first, or my fifth battle, as you well know. I came out of the other safely, and I mean to come safely out of this. But, if you do not go, and at once, I shall fight this battle with a heavy and troubled heart. Hear how the roar of the battle deepens! It is a distance nearer. If you go at once, I do not think there is any great amount of danger; but, if you stay, I know not what to do with you."

"We will go at once then," said Isabella, turning her horse's head to the south. "And we have heaven's promise you—best of benefactors and friends!"

"Stay," said the Colonel—taking a pistol from his holster, and half smiling, notwithstanding the seriousness of the occasion.

"Will either of you have this?" "No, I thank you," replied Isabella, smiling in turn. "I will trust to the usual womanly weapons, and to the chivalry of men."

"Give it to me, then, cried Helen, impulsively. "Would I were a man to go with you, uncle, and not be shipped off as an embarrassment in this fashion. It is ready for me!"

"Be careful with it, Helen—my servant always sees to it every morning. It will not fall from you, if required," replied the Colonel. "But I can stay no longer. May I see you, God guide and keep you!" Putting spurs to his horse, Colonel Musgrave rode rapidly to the rear of the house—gave orders to the captain of the company he had held in reserve, to occupy the mansion, to barricade the doors and lower windows, and arrange everything for a vigorous defense if such should be necessary—and then dashed off after his regiment.

By this time the mist had closed around, as to render it impossible to see more than twenty or thirty yards distance, and the situation was perfectly hopeless. Judging from the noise of the conflict however—the continual rattle of musketry, the cries and shouts, and the occasional roar of field-pieces—the battle was rapidly rolling down towards the mansion.

It proved that the British were still driving ground. Occasional musket shots were also beginning to be heard on the Main road or street of the village, upon which, at a distance of several hundred feet, the building stood. And it was evident to the young ladies that the sooner they started, the greater was their chance of effecting their ride in safety.

## CHAPTER II.

PEMBERTON. This is a cruel hour, indeed, my love, you well may say so.

Well acquainted with the roads, and with the lanes, and all the shorter and narrower roads were appropriately called in that section of the country—the young ladies rode as rapidly as the misty obscurity would permit, in a southern direction through a farm path, to a lane which is now called by the name of Washington, but which then bore the name of some local designation. Helen had concealed the pistol her uncle had given her, in one of the large pockets worn at that day, and notwithstanding the possible difficulties of their situation, the spirits of the sisters seemed to rise as their feet started, and chafed under the curb which it was necessary to hold upon them.

"Pshaw! would I were a man!" said Helen. "I would like to fire one good shot at least for my king—and stand by uncle Musgrave in the thick of the battle. We are but an insignificant tribe, we women, Bella."

"Well, for one woman, I am quite satisfied with my natural position," replied Isabella.

"Why did you take that pistol? I declare I am afraid you will shoot me with it yet. I am glad that you have it on the other side of you. Take care you do not pull the trigger without meaning to."

"Never fear, sister mine. I have shot off a pistol before this. Captain André gave me a whole horse's practice, down at Gray's Ferry, one afternoon. But here is the road, is it not? Yes, there is the gate, lying along the road. What would the Chertons say if they were here, and could see their beautiful country place now—gates and fences down in all directions?"

"They are just as well off as their neighbors. I scarcely think there is a single farm fence standing in Germantown. What with the Hessian huts, and all the soldiers' feet, the farms and country seem to be so pretty well stripped. But, as you say, we turn towards the east here."

"It was not for this mist we could enter to headquarters in half-an-hour," said Helen.

"Yes, in less time—but do take care Helen; the ground is boggy near that stream. As to this house, if the enemy is in force, it will not be longer a place of safety. I have sent word to Henry—that the advance of the rebels must be delayed as long as possible, in order to give time for him to get in position; and this mansion makes a capital fort, if need be."

Colonel Musgrave spoke rapidly but excitedly—as if anxious to be at his post.

"Well, uncle, do not fear for us; we will mount and ride, either to town or to headquarters, as may seem best," said Isabella.

"Who shall I send with you?" "Nobody—no one protect ourselves for that distance."

"Perhaps you are right. A British uniform would be as apt to draw us to ward of a rebel bullet. And, rebels though the enemies be, they are not given to shooting at women. But come in and take a cup of coffee to brace yourselves up with."

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"Down with your hatchet, I say!" said Helen, in the suppressed tones of deep passion. "One moment more, and I shoot!"

The hatchet fell to the ground.

"Now, leave this spot—at once!" "By the holy Patriarch—she's the devil of an angel, or the angel of a devil," said Moll, in a half snigger, taking up her bag to depart.

"Put down that bag!" said Helen, the pistol again bearing on Moll.

"Now go—and at once!"—the pistol still lowered—the light, firm finger on the trigger.

"By the holy devil," muttered Moll to herself, as she tramped off—glancing occasionally behind, to see the pistol still following her, until the mist hid her from view.

"That pistol was a friend in need, after all, six," said Helen, musingly.

"You are my brave and noble sister; and your taking the pistol was an inspiration from heaven," replied Isabella, gazing admiringly upon her.

"But what are we to do after all? We cannot leave this rescued knight lying here, perhaps to be murdered by that lying hag, perhaps to die from want of proper attention to his wound. There must be some house near, into which he could be taken."

"There are plenty of houses here, and there, along the Main road, suppose you go and see if you cannot bring help from one of them, while I remain here on guard with my pistol."

"I hate to go and leave you alone."

"The case was so clear, that Isabella turned her horse towards the Main road, in quest of a dwelling. She soon came to the rear of a medium-sized stone building, and riding up to the kitchen door, beat it lustily with the butt of her riding-whip. But no one seemed to be within. Drawing back, she fastened her horse to a part of the garden fence which remained standing, and pushed open the door. Entering, she nearly stumbled over a masculine form, lying extended just inside the threshold.

"Blessed be Lord! Bless be Lord!" the white black lips of a prostrate negro were ejaculating.

"Where is your master?" demanded Isabella.

"Bless be Lord—he am down in de cellar," replied the negro.

Opening the cellar door, Isabella called aloud—

"Halloo—the house!"

A deep voice was heard on the stairs, and soon a tall, gaunt form in Quaker costume, presented itself.

"What does this want?" said the figure.

"Is the cellar the usual sitting-room in Germantown?" inquired Isabella, sarcastically.

"No, not the usual one. But these men when bullets come visiting unexpectedly, they are apt to put quiet housekeepers out!"—and the Quaker, whose face denoted a fondness for quaint humor and dry jokes, gave a little laugh.

"But what does this want? These men come to spend a quiet day with Uncle Beth and Aunt Hannah?"

In a few words Isabella made known her errand. And to Beth justice, now that good was to be done, he manifested very little fear of either cannon-ball or bullet. Raising the trembling negro to his feet, and giving him a good shaking to restore his mental and physical equilibrium—they both proceeded, led by Isabella, to the relief of the wounded officer.

"Germans are a good many Quakers about here," said Isabella, as she walked on.

"Yes, and a good many Quakers, just now, who do not belong to the Society of Friends," replied Beth. "Now, here's this darkey, ever since he's been the first gun fired. But there's another of you, is there?" added he, as they approached Helen, who had returned the pistol to her pocket, dismounted from her horse, and was now bending over the wounded man.

She said he had been apparently conscious for a moment, when she had unlaced the tie around his neck, but had soon sunk again into unconsciousness.

"Fainted from loss of blood," said Beth—and taking the wounded officer carefully by the shoulders, while the negro supported his feet, they carried him to the house. The sisters accompanied them—one leading her horse, and the other carrying the hatchet and the partially filled bag, which the Irish woman had left behind her.

When they entered the house, Beth deposited his inanimate burden on a settee, and said briskly to a kind-looking woman of middle age, who had come up from her place of safety to see what was going on:

"Now, mother—here's a wounded soldier. Bring down some quinine, while I see what he is hurt. Was he thrown from his horse, at the time he was wounded?"

"Indeed I do not know—we were not present—he is a perfect stranger to us," replied Isabella.

The Quaker looked as astonished as one of his compeers could be expected to.

"I thought he was your brother, or friend," said she.

"No, we came across him accidentally," rejoined Isabella, and then briefly narrated what they were, and how they had left their uncle to seek a place of safety, and their encounter with the female plunderer—saying nothing of the pistol however.

"And so you persuaded Moll to give up her horse and leave her hatchet and her plunder? Well, I never! But, and here he has his face brightened. 'Ah, I see—a little silver or gold will do a great deal. Money makes even such vicious natures as Moll go."

During her remarks however, Beth had not been idle. He had examined the wound into the condition of the wounded man's shoulder, which was the injured place, and was now about pouring out some Jamaica rum into a cup. While the officer, on his part, manifested symptoms of returning consciousness.

"It is not an artery," said Beth, "that seems certain. The blood has clotting and stopped itself—and I will not remove the linen which sticks to it, because I might set it going again. When I swallow a spoonful of this good liquor, I think I'll feel stronger."

As the officer's face assumed a more natural hue, Beth started, and looked at her anxiously. Then he exclaimed, "Why mother, look here! Is not this our Stephen's friend, Leffert Morris of McLane's?"

"It is surely."

"Of course it is," said his wife. "I wonder these did not see it, at first."

"I suppose I ought to, but then my wife was wool-gathering in a very different direction."

"Now," said Isabella to her sister, "as the gentleman seems to be doing well, and is among his friends, perhaps we had better pursue our ride."

"What!" said the Quaker matron. "You do not mean to go out among those dreadful soldiers?"

Beth stepped outside of the kitchen door. "Come here," he said to Isabella. "Hear that!"

The noise of musketry, which had been only faintly heard for the past half-hour, was evidently swelling up again, not only to the north of them, at Chew's house, but to the south, in the vicinity of the British headquarters, and between themselves and Philadelphia.

"If you ride either north or south, you ride into the fire," said Beth. "Now take an old man's counsel. Remain here—in comparative safety, if

you choose to go below, into the cellar," he added, slyly.

Helen shook her head to the last proposition. "I don't like it."

"Well, in this back room, with the front of the house closed, you are comparatively safe; and near to your uncle besides. I will put your horse in the stable, where they will take their chance with my horse—the only one they've left here. Mother will manage to find us something to eat for dinner—if we're alive to eat it—and when this horrible affair comes to a conclusion, as I suppose it soon must, one way or the other, you can mount, and ride wherever you think best."

"Indeed you are very kind, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Williams. "Come up stairs now; I know you would like to fix a little."

And she led the way, while the young ladies smilingly followed.

At this juncture, the wounded officer drew a deep breath and opened his eyes. Gazing around him for a moment, he said in a faint voice, "Why, Uncle Beth, I did reach here after all. But Mrs. Fenwick, I did reach here, and thought I should never get to you. What a dream I have had! I thought I was dead, and a friend and an angel were fighting over my body, to see which should have me!"

The young man smiled faintly.

"But, my dear, is all right—but these had better not talk any more just now, but turn over and go to sleep. Mother is a splendid nurse, and I'm as good as a doctor, and if these minds what we say, this'll get well before many weeks, I warrant."

The young man closed his eyes, and seemed to obey very easily the advice given him. While Beth turned his face towards him, who sat, observant of all that was going on, in the corner of the fireplace, and saw the latter's white ivory illuminating the darkness of his visage from ear to ear.

"What three grinning sheets!" said Beth, severely—"go out at once, and shut these horses."

Then he sat down in a chair, and seemed to enjoy something himself hugely, though in a very quiet, subdued and decorous Quaker fashion.

"Well, I suppose young men will be young men, to the end of the chapter," said he at length to himself, apparently as the result of his meditations.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Choice He Made.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

I know the story, for I am the housekeeper at Pemberton. The work of that dreadful day I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, and, hating my mistress, have it more by heart.

She was a Virginian, was Mrs. Penhallow, descended from some famous old colonial family. She was still-necked, high-featured, and she loved nothing under the sun but her own will, and her own way. She had a great deal of sense, but she was like her like no many cattle, to be fed and housed, and nothing more. A widow at the time I went to live with her in her great old country-house, with an only son and heir—Master Felix.

Heaven above! how she doted on that boy, insolent boy! I used to think when I saw her hanging on his every word and look, adoring him with her eyes and her heart, of what the Bible says about taking to ourselves idols. But Mrs. Penhallow was not the woman to trouble herself about that. She was, especially as most of the common people have it.

Master Felix was sixteen when he left home for college, and I, for one, was glad to see him go. A pure-blooded, tyrannical young tempter he was, handsome enough for a girl, but with a temper even hotter than his mother's. For a few years, peace and quiet reigned at Pemberton, always excepting the time of such visits as his young heir, he had been to college, and he was over. And after his college days were over, he was betrothed to his cousin, and sent abroad on his travels.

His mother pined sorely at this separation. She spent whole hours before his portrait, which she carried about with her in her hand, and drawing-room and chamber. She shut herself up, like a love-sick girl, to pore over his letters, and one night, in the second year of his absence, when I had found her walking the hall, trailing her satin gown in black velvet waves after her, she broke out, wringing her hands:

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